

Anti-Vivisection

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HARVEY AND BLOOD CIRCULATION.

The Zoophilist:

In Mr. Robertson's "Life of Fra Paoli Sarpi," recently published, evidence is adduced to show that the great Venetian reformer and scientist anticipated Harvey in the circulation of the blood. Fabricius of Acquapendente, who is credited with having discovered the valves of the veins, repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to Sarpi, who found out the valves of the veins, not by vivisection, but by reasoning and reflection. He was examining the specific gravity of the blood, and his study led him to the conclusion that there must be some machinery in the veins by which the blood can be suspended and its flow regulated so as to avoid dilatation and congestion

as in varicose veins. He confirmed his theory by dissection on dead bodies. He incidentally claimed the discovery of the circulation. In a letter in which he speaks of a treatise by Vesalius he wrote, "Certain things in this work with great pleasure I have found, because they seem to be analogous to those things by me already discovered and registered as to the circulation of the blood in the body of animals and upon the structure and uses of their valves." Harvey's work "*De Mortu Cordis*," was not published till 1633, five years after Sarpi's death. The great Englishman attended the lectures of Acquapendente at Padua between 1590 and 1631, and Fabricius in these lectures spoke of the valves of the veins, of which he had learned from Sarpi.

THE PROGRESS OF "SCIENCE."

Tuskegee (Ala.) *Weekly News*:

Standing crouched in an alley near the corner was an old negro woman, who was sobbing as if her heart would break. When the officer walked up to her and asked her what was the matter, she shrieked out:

"Oh, Mister P'leceman, for God's sake do git my gall! Dem studish doctors dun tuck her away to cut her up!" and she fell down upon the street in a swoon. She was sent home, and every now and then she could be heard to groan and say: "Oh, my God, dem studish doctors done got my gall!"—

The above clipping is from *The Birmingham Age Herald*, and closes a humorous account of the way the students of Birmingham Medical College amuse themselves at the expense of the poor, ignorant negroes of that city, by pretending to offer \$10.00 a piece for live negroes for the dissecting table. Now, is there any fun in this? It must be a most cruel and brutal nature that could derive amusement from such torture as that of the poor mother described above, and we wish heartily that those young vagabonds, the "studish doctors," might be dealt with by the law in the manner their heartless behaviour merits.

The repeated requests for this article induce us to republish it both here and in tract form.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN TELLS WHAT HE SAW THERE IN THE SUMMER OF 1894.

In the *London Echo* of Aug. 1, appears an article written by a well-known resident of London, whose truth and veracity are unquestioned. We extract from it the most important details, as follows, in his own words:

"Why not go to Paris and see the much-talked-of Pasteur Institute?" said a friend of mine. Mr. Philip G. Peabody, attorney and counsellor-at-law, son of the highly-respected Judge Peabody, of New York: "you would be able to tell your English countrymen something about Pasteurism, and this might be of use, especially in view of the interest excited over the proposed 'Institute of Preventive Medicine' for London, and the great opposition to it that was displayed." And so it came to pass that at ten o'clock on the morning of July the 14th, and carrying an introduction from an English Member of Parliament, I stood outside the famous 45, Rue Dutot. The building stands in its own grounds, which are exceedingly well kept, and at first sight there is nothing to indicate the character of the place, except that running along the front of the building, immediately over the first story, can be read in large stone letters the words "Institut Pasteur."

We knocked at the door of a well-built lodge, and my interpreter explains that "Monsieur is an Englishman who wishes to see the laboratories of M. Pasteur and his inoculations." I present my card of introduction, when I am politely informed that the 14th being a National Fete day no inoculations will take place, and the next day being Sunday no patients are treated then, but if I will come on Monday morning I shall be shown around.

But, hark! listen to those dogs so furiously barking, not the bark of freedom, or frolic, or joyous life. The spot whence comes the noise is hidden by trees, and beautiful verdure makes the place deceptive, but that barking, when it strikes upon the ear freezes the blood with fear and dreadful anticipation of possible danger, it is so unlike anything heard from the dog when in freedom. These are the dogs that inoculation has driven mad, and only wait their turn to be stewed into cultures, to be further squirted into the blood of the credulous.

Mr. Williams then tells of his prompt return on the following Monday to the Institute. Men, women and children were present to receive the deadly hydrophobia virus in their veins. Dr.

Roux, the son-in-law of Pasteur, was present. Mr. Williams says:

He showed us the rooms devoted to cultivation of anthrax, Alaska cholera, and the rabies culture; he pointed out that the building was divided into numerous laboratories, which were used by students and professors; and he pointed out with evident pride his own laboratory, in which I observed a little pug dog which Dr. Roux explained had just been inoculated. This was evidently the first "job" after breakfast, and as I patted the little fellow my imagination followed him through the different stages of the poison with which he had just been inoculated, until, in a few days, he would become a raving and dangerous prisoner in one of the cages which I knew to be somewhere hidden in the grounds.

In several of the rooms were lying about the dissected bodies of the animals, and also numbers of them still living, who would be the next subjects for examination, and who were then only waiting the final completion of the slow process of poisoning to bring about their lingering and cruel deaths.

"But where, Doctor," said the interpreter at my request, "are the pens where the larger stock of animals is kept? Monsieur wishes to see them." But Dr. Roux was obdurate in refusing to show them, as I think, because of the expression of tenderness on the part of the ladies; but these pens were what I most desired to see. I had read descriptions of the laboratories, and followed closely the system through its many stages. I wanted to see the victims, so that I could tell my countrymen what the erection of the "Institute of Preventive Medicine" in London involved in suffering to the animals. "Interpreter, please inquire at the lodge and see if I can come early in the morning to see around the pens," said I, and so the following morning for the third time I stand at Pasteur's great gate behind which exists that mighty living tomb of so many sentient creatures. I am shown a side path, and the attendant unlocks a gate, which I notice is carefully fastened again behind us, running along the length of the grounds. On our right hand are a dozen houses which might easily be mistaken for stables; these are opened and I enter. They are crowded with cages, baskets, &c., which contain animals in different stages of inoculation; these are removed day by day, as the various viruses

develop, until they reach the final stage, which to many of them will be a slow process of "rotting to death." There are hundreds of rabbits, ducks, guinea pigs, fowls, rats, mice, &c. Some of these have young, developing disease in them. We enter a very high iron building. I walk up and down it, for it is divided into sections, many of which contain a dog whose barking is terrible to hear. I do not recognize in these furious, desperate creatures man's faithful friend. I count twenty-two of them. They are, indeed, appalling to see. Many valuable breeds are among them. One poor wretch has torn and scarred his nose and face in vain attempts to tear away the iron network that exists between it and those who look upon it. He will most likely die soon, die "driven mad."

Leaving the dog, we turn to the left of the grounds, and enter a long room. In doing so we pass between two horses. I inquire what they are kept for, and am told they have been inoculated. Further to my right I see what may be a cow-house, but do not enter it. Looking around I see two cats. These are still at large, even though they have been inoculated, as it is found they die too quickly if confined to cages. In the long room just mentioned I am amazed at the number of animals kept; there could not have been much less than a thousand, whole cages of rabbits, which I read from a label had been inoculated with "cholera virus," and bearing the name of Dr. Metchnikoff. I see the rabbits so paralyzed in their hind-quarters that they cannot move, and they look up to you through glazed eyes—a picture of helpless suffering. Fowls lie slowly dying of tuberculosis. I saw hundreds of eyes red with inflammation, the result of inoculation in the sensitive organ of sight. I count thirty bodies thrown out into different corners of the room, evidently of those whose long sufferings have mercifully ceased in the previous night.

I walk across the grounds, and stop before a large stove-like looking thing in a corner; it is the crematorium which Pasteur has had erected to burn the bodies of his deliberately-cultivated diseased victims of this much disputed scientific system. Set the fire going, for, look!—as I hold my nostrils against the most unwholesome stench that ever assailed the sense of man—I count fifty animals awaiting fuel. The busy flies are there, as previous visitors have described, and it seems quite possible for them to carry on their feet and wings the germs of disease, to the danger of the community outside the Institute; and there is the heap of rubbish, consisting of broken culture glass, tubes, and wads of cotton wool. The existence of this heap has been denied, so I stoop down and pick up a culture glass, which I determine to bring away as some evidence of truth.

I beg to submit to my readers the following proofs that Pasteurism is by no means unanimously accepted by the medical profession. Mr. Philip Serle, the secretary of the French Society against vivisection, who lives at Paris, told me that there was a steadily growing feeling against Pasteurism on the part of many leading Paris medical men. Dr. Lutaud declares "Pasteur does not cure hydrophobia: he gives it."

Further, I have a list of names and addresses of 263 persons who have died of hydrophobia after undergoing Pasteur's alleged preservative. This will be sent to anyone who applies to Benjamin Bryan, Esq., Westminster. And, moreover, wherever an institute has been erected the disease of hydrophobia has increased in dogs and men. Dr. Dolan seems justified in his assertion "that far from lessening the sum of human misery, Pasteur has increased it," while our English Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, F. R. C. G., describes it as "the most extraordinary delusion which has afflicted men of science for centuries."

After leaving the Pasteur Institute I was fortunate enough to obtain a card of admission to the Paris School of Medicine, where dogs and monkeys are vivisected by the hundred, and every diabolical cruelty inflicted, without even the need of a license. The building is very large, and as I stood in the court-yard I could hear the barking of dogs kept for the immediate use of the students and working physiologists.

I am anxious to visit Professor R—'s laboratory, and so, pushing open a door, I find myself in a large room filled with the apparatus of torture. An attendant who resents my intrusion came forward, but my card allows me to visit any of the rooms, or attend any demonstrations or lectures. Presently a student comes in; we introduce ourselves, he through his bad English, I through my equally bad French. He explains to me that there will be no demonstrations by Professor R—, who is, indeed, out of Paris until November. But what, then, means those dogs about the premises? I had counted thirty. Monkeys, ten in number, were gibbering from their cages; frogs—"God's gift to the vivisector," as one of them claimed them to be—were there in scores, and three ducks were waddling about a water vessel that stood four feet high from the ground. Oh! these few animals were for the more industrious students who did not go in for recreation, whether of an innocent character or not, but who rather chose to stay and hack away at these living creatures.

I was too late that day to see any experiment. "Monsieur must come again and we will show him," said the obliging student: so I walk around and examine the various tools of the physiologist's working life. For the first time in my life

I see the "infernal machine" used in producing "artificial respiration," which prevents the animal dying under torture according to the law of its own existence. It is much more elaborate in design than any drawing of it I have ever seen; near by was a large gas lamp used in the production of the power necessary to work it. I saw one of the many vivisection tables still dripping with the blood of its day's victim. I must leave the place with its terrible associations of suffering.

As I go out of the courtyard at the other angle to which I entered, I hear the sound of a howling dog coming from a room over whose door I read, "Directeur des Travaux de Physiologie." I enter, but my admission is challenged by two professors and two assistants; my card is again presented, and I am allowed to remain. The dog, a large Newfoundland, is already bound securely to the table by strong cords to each of his legs; he struggles violently and shakes and rocks the heavy table, but to no purpose; he cannot escape. At his side one of the professors is injecting chloral, which is no true anæsthetic. Presently a knife is taken, the skin of the animal is cut carefully open down to the skull, but what is that curious instrument in the assistant's hands? He heats it at a gas jet, and a current is set in motion that produces a red heat at the top, and with this he sears the flesh of the mutilated animal; the electric cautery thus prevents the poor lacerated creature from mercifully bleeding to death.

I had never expected to smell the burning flesh of a living animal, and it came to me that day with a terribly new experience. A brass plate was screwed upon the skull of the animal, and a hole was made through to the brain with a circular saw, and into this hole was poured an electric current from a battery on the other table; look to it, or the dog, a very powerful one, will escape, all bleeding and torn as he is. With the plunging of the animal the whole arrangement of screws, &c., have become unfastened; two men hold him and they fit the plate again and turn more currents of electricity into that brain. Will he never die? I think to myself; and my impulse is to end its misery with my pocket-knife; but no, that will never do, and so I watch for more than two hours these infamies perpetrated in the name of Science.

I never could have believed, had I not heard it, that it was possible for any animal to express human anguish as that one did through that time of torture. That dog groaned as I should have groaned; the thing is simply indescribable. I wish those groans could be heard for five minutes by every English man and woman; if so, vivisection would be prohibited by the consensus of our

common humanity, and so, sick and horrified, I left the place, the victim still in the hands of his merciless torturers.

What this practice is in France it is in England; the geography of it makes no difference to the thing itself. I am not permitted to see inside the English laboratory: I have managed to get inside a French. This inquisition is in our midst today, only it is one of Science, and every good man and woman who can realise its work in all its naked truth and hideousness will be against its remaining with us. It is infamous in its morale—some experts say dangerous—and misleading in its science, and the people must make it illegal in law. —Yours, &c.,

T. A. WILLIAMS.

48 Martin St., St. Paul's, Bristol, Eng., July 28 1894.

From a pamphlet written by HERBERT J. REID, F. S. A., F. R. S. I. (London), who visited the Institut Pasteur Feb. 22 and 23, 1894, we copy the following account of a scene in the laboratory where rabbits are trepanned in order to obtain virus for inoculation:

Upon an ordinary deal table stands a board, with four iron eyelets affixed, one at each corner. Upon the board is placed the healthy rabbit, held by Jupille. Four leather thongs are produced, and slip-knots being made, they are passed over the fore and hind legs of the trembling animal. *No anæsthetic is given.* The unfortunate creature being now bound and completely helpless is ready for trepanning.

The assistant holds the head, the operator uses a pair of sharp, surgical scissors, with curved blades, and clips off all fur from the head, which is then moistened with an antiseptic lotion. He next makes an incision about $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. to 1-in. in length, laying bare the skull. A little instrument is then inserted, which serves the purpose of keeping the skin of the rabbit recently cut, open, and facilitates the coming operation. The wretched creature's skull is now completely bare, and the operator produces his trephine, an instrument used to cut out a circular portion of the skull. It is worked by a little handle at the side, this movement acting upon a circular saw at the base, and some 30 revolutions are sufficient to pierce the bone.

When this has been effected, the piece of bone, about $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. in diameter, is removed with a small instrument, and the animal's brain is exposed to view. The prepared virus is then injected into the brain; a couple of stitches put through the skin closes the wound, and the rabbit is then removed to its pen, there to linger in incalculable suffering for ten days, dying slowly of artificially-

induced paralytic rabies. When it is dead its spinal marrow will in its turn serve to inoculate other healthy rabbits, and thus the succession of virus is secured, as also the continuity of daily suffering and torture for the victims.

When I remarked the absence of chloroform, I was told it was used when necessary for dogs, but never for rabbits, as its effect would be more painful and injurious to the rabbit than the actual operation of trepanning. The conclusion is this—the rabbit is weakly, and can offer but little resistance; moreover it is not accustomed to bite.

The wretched animals I saw inoculated on Friday, February 23, are today lying upon their sides in their pens, slowly dying of paralytic rabies, their hind legs extended and powerless, but their eyes turned pleadingly towards the visitor. On Monday next, 5th of March, they will have ceased to suffer. Their spinal marrow will on that day be ripe for use for the maintenance and succession of rabic virus by inoculation.

The virus is prepared in the following manner:—In a metal trough a rabbit, dead at the tenth day from inoculation, is extended. With a keen blade the skin is carefully cut open from the head the length of the body. Next the skin is partially removed, exposing the flesh, which, in its turn is carefully cut off, exposing the spine. This operation is most carefully performed, as is also the subsequent one of opening the backbone to expose the spinal marrow.

After this the spinal marrow is removed, usually in three portions, and, affixed to a piece of thread, is suspended in a large phial, at the bottom of which is caustic potash, which absorbs all moisture. The phials are then removed to a dark room, heated to 23 deg. Centigrade, and the contents are used the next day for preparing the fluid to be inoculated into human beings. The next operation is to remove the rabbit's congested brain, which is taken into a dark room, placed in a phial, and with a small quantity of very weak sterilised veal broth, is triturated; it is then forthwith injected into a healthy rabbit's brain, after trepanning, as already described.

DR. DULLES ON PASTEURISM

The *New York Mail and Express* of June 25, 1894, announced that Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, had just made a contribution of great value to medical knowledge on the subject of hydrophobia, and quoted the following passages:

"The number of cases of hydrophobia that occur in this country is happily small. It would doubtless be smaller still but for the exploitation of the Pasteur Institute, conducted by Gibier, in

New York, and of its feeble imitator, conducted by Lagorio, in Chicago. These institutions and the newspapers that in times past have published sensational accounts of cases of so-called hydrophobia, have in a mild way reproduced some of the conditions which make France the hotbed of hydrophobia, as well as of hystero-epilepsy. But the psychological make-up of Americans is less favorable to the development of the germs of hydrophobia or those of hystero-epilepsy than that of the French, and consequently there is less of both than there is in France.

"There the history of the last six years differs but little from that which I described to you in my last report. As then, so now, the number of deaths in France is greater than it was before. Pasteur just ten years ago (in May, 1884,) boasted to a newspaper reporter: 'Whoever gets bitten by a mad dog has only to submit to my three little inoculations, and he need not have the slightest fear of hydrophobia.' The year before he made that boast there were four deaths, from hydrophobia in Paris (the Department of the Seine), the year after, when he had practiced his preventive medicine for six months, the deaths from hydrophobia leaped at once from four to twenty-two. The oscillations indicate that Pasteur's method is no more preventive of hydrophobia than is the method which he declared in 1884 would eradicate rabies in dogs. On the contrary, Pasteur's method has undoubtedly increased the number of deaths from hydrophobia. I have indicated what has taken place in France, and can assure you that there has been no diminution in the number of deaths from hydrophobia in any part of the world since Pasteur's infallible cures were inaugurated; and at the same time there has been added to these a large number of deaths due to inoculation with the virus of what ought to be called 'Pasteur's disease.' "

The *Mail and Express* concludes by remarking:—

"As this is not the opinion of a quack or of a notoriety seeker, it deserves the widest publicity, so that it may strengthen and reassure thousands who live in constant dread of 'mad dogs and hydrophobia.' "

The fact that the Pasteur Laboratory is on French soil—instead of American—and that the proposed new Institutes of Preventive Medicine are to be located in England and India—does not diminish our duty, as Americans, in the premises. We should aid our English friends in this fight by every means in our power, unflinching and to the bitter end.

THE NEW YORK GUINEA PIG NURSERY.

We observe that the description of this establishment is still going the rounds of the newspapers. The swell-headed reporter waxes fluent over the beauty and affection of the little animals and then flippantly discourses on the dreadful fate to which they are consigned. In this connection we are forcibly reminded of Watts' lines recently sent us by a friend:

Heaven's sovereign spares all beings but Himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

If Watts did not know of vivisection he must have had in view a similar crime.

IN HIGH FEATHER AT NORTH WESTERN UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

We are not surprised in the least at the description in *The Chicago Tribune*, Dec. 10, of the "equipments for bacteriological research" in the above-named institution which is located in the vicinity of State and 24th streets; nor to learn that numberless animals from white mice to dogs "go there to die," or that hundreds of them are bred there for the same purpose. The reporter's description of his visit there is the same time-worn, loathsome tale of innocent animals inoculated with vile substances and dying—and something taken from their thus diseased bodies with which to impregnate the systems of human beings—so the occupation of the doctors will not be gone. As "experiments" increase so disease increases, naturally; and the contraction of these diseases by the individuals who are constantly monkeying with germs of cholera, typhoid fever, erysipelas, consumption, etc., examples of which have recently been given in the daily papers, is a very natural sequence, and a just one; and no logic of reasoning can avail

to convince the truly thoughtful mind that this artistic dabbling in pollution of soul and body will benefit the human race, mentally, morally or physically—especially neither mentally or morally. An hour's examination of one of Dr. Von Krafft-Ebing's works discloses the secret of the whole horrible vivisectional mania. Upon no other satisfactory ground can it be explained than a perversion of the natural instincts. It feeds upon what it produces and if unchecked, would, not many decades hence, result in an *Inferno* at which Dante would stand aghast and own his imagination outstripped by the Real.

Considering this pursuit of "Science" by old and young, by the medical colleges and the public schools, it is no wonder that the world is darkened with crime and flooded with tears.

Christians (?) claim to believe in a heaven of eternal glory; then why are they so anxious to stay upon this earth that they catch at every straw which promises to prolong their stay here? For is it not the great body of Christians (?) who by giving silent assent to all kinds of vivisection are aiding and abetting it? As a body they are deaf to reason and appeal. Who can explain it. Like Ingersoll, "I don't know."

"FUN AND WISDOM."

The following is taken from *Life*, Jan. 18th:—

"In the published curriculum of the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital of Chicago, it is announced that it is its 'aim to instruct as well as to entertain.' The laboratories for medical chemistry and toxicology, microscopy, bacteriology, and experimental surgery on the lower animals, are well equipped, and systematic courses in each subject may be arranged at any time."

"This is a give away."

"The public are pretty well aware that the cutting up of live animals is generally done simply for amusement, but it is rare that we get it officially, as in this case. We infer from the above that at this institute they not only 'entertain' by vivisection but also instruct, thus going a step further than other colleges. This will be good news for the hundreds of intelligent dogs and horses that are tortured out of existence within the walls of this temple of mirth."

"But the most melancholy feature of the whole business is the knowledge the instructors seem to have of their pupils. The possibility of their shrinking from these entertainments is not considered. They evidently are well aware that they can soon convince the youths that nothing is more entertaining than the quivering nerves of living beings."

WHAT IS A TEACHER OF PHYSIOLOGY DOING?

"Nearly all the criminals of the future, the thieves, burglars, incendiaries, and murderers, are now in our public schools, and with them the greater criminals who commit national crimes. They are in our public schools now and we are educating them. We can mould them if we will.

To illustrate the power of education, we know that we can make the same boy Protestant, Roman Catholic or Mohammedan. It is simply a question of education. We may put into his little hands at first, toys, whips, guns, and swords, or may teach him, as the Quakers do, that war and cruelty are crimes. We may teach him to shoot the little song bird in spring-time, with its nest full of young, or we may teach him to feed the bird and spare the nest.

We may go into the schools now with book, picture, song and story, and make neglected boys merciful, or we may let them drift until, as men, they become sufficiently lawless and cruel to throw our railway trains off the track, place dynamite under our dwelling houses or public buildings, assassinate our President, burn half our city or involve the nation in civil war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

REV. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, Secretary of the American Humane Assn., is endeavoring to set forth the hurtful influences of vivisection and dissection in the public schools. During the controversy which has been going on relative thereto between himself and the school board at his home, in Oak Park, a Miss King, the teacher of biology, testified thus:

When I want animals some of the boys are quite ready to help me to them. The animals, excepting cats, are put to death in the laboratory on a side table, and pupils may look on or not as they please. Cats are put to death in the basement by myself and some of the pupils by the means of ether or chloroform. When dissecting is going on all pupils who are affected by the sight of blood and who desire to be excused, are excused from the room. A pupil seldom makes the request.

Mr. Johannot "a village pastor" in favor of this kind of education remarked,

"cruelty dwells not with knowledge but with ignorance." The gentleman must be a very circumscribed reader or he would know that "knowledge" has invented some of the most atrocious tortures—the refinements of cruelty upon those creatures least able to bear them. Mantegazza, De Cyon, Claude Bernard, Paul Bert, and a score of other vivisectioners who have added so greatly to the vast sum of suffering on earth could by no means be designated as ignorant men. On the contrary they were exceedingly learned and some of them rarely polished in manner. So this argument carries no weight, whatever, in favor of "scientific" training of our children in the schools.

Miss King and others argue that the boys and girls feel that they are studying the wonderful mechanism and mystery of creation. They feel that they are getting something tangible and valuable. If this is so, then boys and girls must be made of very different material from what they were when we were young. We cannot believe that they are impressed in any such way as described. We have never seen any evidence of it in those with whom we have come in contact. This method of teaching does give them "stronger nerves" as another argues, there is no doubt, but it is not the "nerve" that incites to noble deeds or self sacrifice—it is simply the "nerve" that places Me and My Interests above the rights of other and weaker creatures. The advocates of indiscriminate vivisection or dissection for the sake of knowledge should study works upon Psychopathia.

In the utilization at Chicago, of "aged cab horses" to obtain the serum for injection into human bodies are we assured of "immunity" from glanders, distemper, poll evil and many other afflictions to which aged city horses are subject?

HE SPEAKS—THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH.

No event since the beginning of the anti-vivisection movement in this country is more significant or of more importance than that which transpired Sunday morning, Dec. 2, at All Souls Church, Cor., Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave., Chicago. The announcement that REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, the devoted, revered, and popular pastor of All Souls would speak upon the Life of Frances Power Cobbe and the Anti-Vivisection movement, drew together a large audience. Were we to depend upon *The Tribune* report of the occasion we could not do it any justice, but, fortunately, we have the account from a regular member of the congregation. We hope to publish the sermon in due time, and will now simply allude to a few of its important points.

The letter of our correspondent opens with one of Rev. Mr. Jones' closing sentiments, namely: He would say to the experimenter, "Do this if you are *sure* it is necessary; but at your peril do anything to these dumb brothers you would not willingly submit to in your own person."

On account of what was said in connection with this sentiment—the denunciation of all the different phases of cruelty in the world, which followed—and the speaker's full account of the work of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society, we feel that great service has been done our cause. Mr. Jones gave the statistics of our work—which, with other papers, at his request, had been furnished him—the quantity of literature distributed from this point, the number of vice presidents at work in different states, the establishment of our printing office and monthly journal: he advised his hearers to subscribe for the

latter and called their attention to the literature then at the church for free distribution.

At the close of the services many of the congregation pressed around the pastor, and others around our vice president there, to learn further of the work of vivisection. The literature was all taken and many persons gave their address and requested more.

The extreme radicals in our ranks may wish that Rev. Mr. Jones had denounced the practice of vivisection in more emphatic tones; but as the case stands the enemy cannot accuse him of narrow views, or biased opinions; and if the vivisectors would cling strictly to the admonition—the warning—as given by the great preacher, both the innocent animals and human beings would be safe from the cruelties of their practice and its soul-destroying effects.

In relation to Miss Cobbe and her work—both among human beings and dumb animals, Mr. Jones spoke beautifully—and justly: and when, in her home among the Welsh mountains, our revered leader reads these lines she will feel additional compensation for her labors, amidst that already seeking entrance through the portals of Hell—wrt to the hearth of its devoted mistress.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought to secure the liberal efforts of Freethinkers everywhere. As the orthodox church teaches that the man animal has a soul but the other class have none, therefore, the soulless class are entitled to very little consideration from their more intelligent relatives. "It is of much more importance to save the 'soul' of a man than to protect the body of a 'brute.'" That is what Christians will tell us. Our doctrine is that the soul of a man who will abuse a dumb animal, is not worth saving.—*The Freethinker*—December.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY NOW?

IN ENGLAND.

Triumphant Vivisectionist—Look at the cures being performed through anti-toxine all over the world—only 24 per cent. dying now to 50 per cent. heretofore!

Doubting Anti-V.—Who says so?

T. V.—M. Roux, and others.

D. A-V.—What were the ages of the patients who used to die at the rate of over 50 per cent?

T. V.—They are not given—precisely.

D. A-V.—No? but that is a very important point. M. Roux has been experimenting at a children's hospital. The London *Star*, which has been investigating the matter, says "for young people under twenty years of age, in London, last year, the deaths in connection with a very large number of cases were in just about the same proportion M. Roux says they were among his patients.

T. V.—But the *British Medical Journal* recently stated that at a hospital where the Roux inoculation had been tried the mortality of the patients has been reduced to 10 per cent.

D. A-V.—Where was this hospital?

T. V.—In England.

D. A-V.—There are several hospitals in England. Can you mention where this one is located?

T. V.—Well—not exactly—but—the *British Medical Journal* felt certain about it.

D. A-V., drawing a paper from his pocket—On the contrary, a later issue of the *B. M. J.* contains the following: "It is remarkable, therefore, that the only public hospital to which this medicament has been supplied should so long withhold the results of treatment from the members of the profession. 'Wild horses,' said one gentleman, 'could not draw the name of the hospi-

tal from those who are supplying it with lymph.'" You see, the *B. M. J.* is naturally disgusted over what it terms "a policy of concealment," on the parts of certain hospitals.

IN AMERICA.

Triumphant Vivisectionist—Look at the cures being performed all over America with anti-toxine!

Doubting Anti-Vivisectionist—Where?

T. V.—Why, everywhere.

D. A-V.—Mention one.

T. V.—Why right here in Chicago. A little girl almost gone with diphtheria was restored at once to health. Everybody knows about this. I can give you her name, street and number.

D. A-V., pulling a paper from his pocket—Well, yes, I believe I did hear something about this. I have it right here. Reads:

Concerning a recent "wonderful cure" of diphtheria in Chicago, by anti-toxine, the attending physicians write as follows to the *Inter-Ocean* of Nov. 19:

In the *Evening Post* of Nov. 15 there appeared nearly a column under flaming headlines with reference to a little girl who had been treated for diphtheria by well-known physicians in this city, and who, during the course of the treatment, received an injection of the serum known as anti-toxin. The representative of the *Post* called upon us with reference to this matter. We declined to talk of a private case, as it is not proper for a physician to place before the public the ills of those who have consulted him in confidence, but we emphatically denied many of the statements which were to be made, and which were finally published.

It is stated in this article that the little girl had been given up by her physicians; that the anti-toxin had been injected, and that she recovered as the result.

The little girl was extremely ill with diphtheria, and was choking from the effect of this disease in the larynx. Intubation was practiced and gave her relief immediately, as it does in a large number of cases.

It so happened that the anti-toxin was injected about the same time, but there is no conclusive evidence whatever that it had any influence upon the course of this disease. On the contrary, it was shown two days later that it had practically no influence, by the tube being coughed out, when the child rapidly grew worse, and would have suffocated had not the tube been reintroduced.

The child subsequently went on to a good recovery, as have hundreds of others in this city during the last few years, where imminent death from suffocation has been relieved by intubation or by tracheotomy. We think it only proper that these facts should be placed before the public, as the statements in the paper are entirely misleading. Whether the anti-toxin is of any value in diphtheria has yet to be proven: certainly this case

proves nothing, and the statements made are certainly open to the suspicion that some one is trying to be sensational in the matter.

DANIEL R. BROWER, M. D.
JOHN EDWIN RHODES, M. D.

When the reader looked up the vivisectionist had business elsewhere, and he fled as his companion pulled another slip from his vest, but the A. V. read on and finished the following opinion from the *Detroit Journal*:

"ANTI-TOXINE CRAZE."

The anti-toxine craze is simply a revamped form of Behring's "curative serum," says the *Medical Age*. The extravagant and sensational assertions now being revamped are going through rounds of every journal: superfluous trials are being made by unqualified experimenters, who, fearing lest they should be anticipated, rush into print with records that are not only incomplete and undeveloped, but oftentimes are absolutely false. As a matter of fact such remedies should never be employed until their action has been thoroughly inquired into at the hands of expert, patient, painstaking observers, and their properties and disadvantages established with something approaching scientific precision. But, unfortunately, the majority of practitioners at the present day enact the role of sensation makers, and are ever on the alert for new game. Whenever they scent the shadow of a new discovery they fall headlong one over another in their eagerness for publicity. The idea moreover, is not a new one, but is a turn to the humoral pathology of the last century. It is a retrogression, and serves no earthly purpose except to cast odium upon a profession which those who practice should hold sacred and endeavor to lift to a higher plane, instead of dragging into the abyss of sensationalism.

Not satisfied with the "sad lesson taught by experience" with the Bourgeois craze, Pasteur humbug, Listerian rage, Koch fiasco, Haffkin deception, animal extract swindles, et al., the medical press have now seized upon another novelty, viz., the anti-toxine treatment of diphtheria. The same injudicious haste, the same craving for therapeutic sensation, are manifested here as with all the foregoing; yet a little calm reflection should convince anyone possessed of a modicum of pathological and physiological knowledge that the claims advanced are not based upon any scientific grounds, and that, having served the purpose of the faddist and of the self-advertiser, this "specific" will speedily retire to "where the woodbine twines," to keep company with other disgraces of the sort, and to add to the constantly swelling list of theories that during the last decade have tended so greatly to cast odium upon the medical profession. Indeed, the latter part of the nineteenth century, so far as medical science is concerned, seems bound to go down to posterity with the record blacker than that which pertains to the superstition of the middle ages, and with none of the palliation that mitigates the latter. It is by just such measures that the wheels of therapeutic progress are being blocked, and even locked: the car that should be one of triumph constantly advancing, on the contrary is slowly and persistently retrograding. Young men are turned out from our medical schools absolutely ignorant as regards any rational thera-

peutics, and worse than ignorant with regard to those articles of the materia medica which won their place in the armamentarium of the physician by years of service developed through centuries of study and experience.

About the same time appeared the following sound sense from Orville W. Owens, M. D., of Detroit:

With the exception of scarlet fever, diphtheria is today the most deadly of all diseases in our large cities, and is it not time that this dread malady should be looked into and treated at its fountain head and so handled that instead of killing more patients than cholera and smallpox combined, it shall, to a great extent, be brought under control?

A period of germination is necessary in all diseases of this kind, and diphtheretic germs must germinate in a warm, moist soil infected by decaying animal or vegetable matter. The poisonous gases thrown off by this decomposition when introduced into the system through the air passages (not by contact with the skin) brings about the diphtheretic attack. This being true, the civilized sewer, and I use the word civilized advisedly, becomes the home of diphtheretic life.

To stamp out this deadly disease then, we must begin at its home—the sewer.

The instant that diphtheria starts in a given locality the health officer should start for the sewerage, the traps of the houses, the street traps, roof drainage, and all the connections with the sewers throughout the whole district, commencing with the public schools. The sewers should be flushed, not by a small quantity of water, but with streams from fire engines carried into the main sewers and collaterals and pressure enough used to thoroughly wash out the walls above the usual sewerage line. In this way we should give children a protection which at present they do not have.

Occupation or no occupation, this doctor seems recklessly determined to speak the truth.

A reaction against the unmeasured claims advanced for the curative effects of Prof. Behring's diphtheria serum is setting in rather seriously. The most significant utterance in this respect was made at a meeting Wednesday last of the Berlin Medical Society, when Dr. Hansemann, an assistant in Prof. Virchow's pathological institute, as mouthpiece of Prof. Virchow himself, sharply criticised in detail Prof. Behring's serum therapeutics. He denied that the serum immunizes human beings and declared that no sufficient proof had been produced respecting its curative properties. Furthermore Dr. Hansemann claimed the effects of serum treatment in many cases was dangerous to health and even to life. The statistics thus far obtainable of the results of the serum treatment he pronounced to be unreliable and often misleading.

The lecture was received with great applause from one part of the audience and with hisses from the other part.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HUMANE work cannot subsist on good wishes; and they who really wish for its success are willing to make sacrifices if necessary in order to further it.

January 1, 1895.

To our earnest, faithful, generous helpers we will not present the mockery of the words, "I wish you a happy new year"—for little happiness can fall to the lot of those whose hearts go out to the helpless and suffering, and who know that not this year or next will cruelty be extinguished on the earth. But we can reasonably wish them the comfort of realizing that the anti-cruelty cause is advancing in all its departments and that their efforts to this end are by no means in vain; and we extend to them the deepest and most heartfelt thanks for holding up our hands in the battle, and their confidence in us furnishes the strongest incentive that could be given for continued steady and unflagging effort.

We are pledged to this work during all the years of life that may be given us, and wish for no brighter heaven beyond than the knowledge that the suffering of the innocent exists no more.

OUR FAITHFUL OUTPOSTS.

C. A. Hamlin, our energetic coadjutor at Syracuse, N. Y., has editorial charge of a department in the *National Humane Educator*, a fine, large, 8-page monthly, published at Cincinnati, O.

At the fourth annual meeting of our earnest ally the Blount Co. (Tenn.) S. P. C. C. and A., vivisection was roundly discussed and a portion of the energetic letter of Dr. Stewart of Warren, Pa., which appeared in our columns some months ago, was read to the meeting. The principal occupant of our watch-tower in that section is Mrs. Mary T. W. McTeer.

Mr. Philip G. Peabody will soon return to Europe, we assume upon anti-vivisection business intent.

Mrs. Velma C. Melville, our new Vice Pres. in Wisconsin is devising a plan for an active campaign in the near future. We earnestly hope for her full success.

Mrs. Fannie M. White, our most faithful and active ally in Iowa has

recently visited the cities of Hiawatha, Falls City, Nebraska City, Humboldt and Tecumseh, Neb., interviewing citizens and scattering literature. She was told that recently at Hiawatha, Ks.—*as the result of teaching physiology in the school by dissection*—two boys ripped open a live cat as quickly as possible to observe the beating of its heart.

Rev. Henry S. Clubb, editor of *Food, Home and Garden*, Philadelphia, is a power for good in our cause and his paper should be supported by anti-vivisectionists.

Mrs. Lydia A. Irons, State Supt. Dept. of Mercey, W. C. T. U. in Washington is perfecting radical plans to further the A. V. cause on the Pacific slope.

Mrs. Frances G. A. Daman, a new and active volunteer, of Clarke, So. Dak., is scattering A. V. literature among the people of that section.

Mrs. Maggie Cook, of Guilford, is looking after our interests in Missouri. Miss Nellie Hawks, writer and editor, of Friend, Neb., kindly volunteers to do all the service possible to the A. V. cause by the methods at her command.

Mrs. Annette Abbey, of Corning, Iowa, writes for literature and says, "I will do all in my power against the practice of vivisection."

Mrs. Mary W. Rouse, our faithful Vice President at Peoria, Ill., recently read a very comprehensive paper before the Woman's Club of that city. It has been highly spoken of, and by request she is to repeat it before the Peoria County Scientific Association. We learn from a member, that the general sentiment of the Club coincided with the arguments presented by Mrs. Rouse.

LATER—a cutting sent us from a Peoria paper gives account of a lively discussion upon vivisection pro and con before the association spoken of, after the reading of Mrs. Rouse's paper, and concludes thus:

A. G. Tying, Sr., was opposed to vivisection. Dr. Stewart spoke in the same strain. He wished the paper could be printed in every newspaper in the United States. Every one of the cases cited could be proven and there were ten thousand besides. Vivisection was horrible cruel and almost useless. Dr. Stewart doubted whether he had the right to kill animals for food, and thought the time would come when we would not use meat. After further discussion the meeting adjourned.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, Supt. Dept. of

Mercy, National W. C. T. U. is to give an Anti-Vivisection paper before the Woman's Council, with the taking title, "The Worst Thing in the World."

Mrs. Mary T. W. McTeer, of Maryville, Tenn., reports an attendance of fifty-one at the annual meeting of the Blount Co. S. P. C. A.—all of whom, with one exception, signed the A. V. Petition.

Mrs. Sara Thorpe Thomas sends 553 signatures to the Petition—from the vicinity of Little Rock, Arkansas.

Miss Evelyn McCormick, of La Fayette, Ind., is striking for the right with her pen—a most important department of the service.

Miss Eliza Shier, deputy at Wolf Creek P. O., East Tenn., a writer, and a student, is distributing A. V. literature with commendable industry.

Rev. Edward Ninde, of Wyandot, Mich., after months of careful examination of the question, has appended his name to the petition for the total abolition of vivisection.

Mrs. Mary O. Elster, a long-time teacher of Indianapolis, is arranging to present the Mercy Drama, A Morning in Court. It contains an anti-vivisection chapter which is not likely to be omitted.

Mrs. Nora T. Gause, one of our vice-presidents-at-large, is busy in the Northwest, organizing humane societies, acquainting the people incidentally with the nature of vivisection, and obtaining their signatures to the petition against it.

The propagation of the human species should cease, for if it goes on and the doctors constitute us "immune" the earth's surface will be covered with live people never to suffer from disease and never to die—and then how will the doctors get their living? Have they thought of that! And have they considered the ill-will of the druggists and the undertakers, that would surely follow! Has human nature so changed that this self-sacrifice is coming? Impossible! There is some other reason for all this "scientific research!"

JOTTINGS FROM DECEMBER ZOOPHILIST.

It is believed that the government of India will not proceed with the Bill formulated on the model of the English Act for regulating vivisection there.

Swedish physicians are not sanguine over the new serum—the Medical Board of Stockholm not yet adopting the discovery which, like Koch's lymph, may become of "sinister renown."

Italians are also skeptical. The *Fieramosca* says: We must not forget what happened two years ago *apropos* of the famous Koch-lymph.

The opposition to the establishment of a Pasteur Institute in India is strengthening, and finds a staunch opponent in the *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta, and other influential journals of the empire.

The *Therapist* of Oct. 15, speaks of "the temporary interruption in the manufacture of diphtheria anti-toxine caused by the death of some of the most prolific horses from an outbreak of glanders." [Italics ours, but the circumstance should set the credulous public to thinking.]

In a recent number of *The Nation*, one of the chief German weeklies, O. Rosenbach, Prof. of Medicine at the University of Breslau, and the author of a well known book, sounds a strenuous warning against the new "diphtheria cure."

An unusual number of well-attended A. V. meetings occurred during November in England and Scotland, and almost without exception resolutions condemning the practice were unanimously carried. Lectures were illustrated by lantern slide views. The clergy was well represented at each gathering.

Our crowded space prevents giving half the news that appear from those countries, along the A. V. line.

Any shipments of "Pasteur's Double Hecatomb" which our English allies may make us will be gratefully received.

There is a large and unhealthy vacuum where conscience ought to be in most of our medical colleges and among a great many of the "profession."—JOSEPH M. GREENE.

A SCIENTIFIC NATIONAL SIN.

"A great moral offense, a great Sin before God, goes on in the land under the sanction of the law; and in a free country like ours, a Law which sanctions a Sin is a NATIONAL SIN.

The conscience of the people of England has in years past swept away from the statute books the Rack and the Stake, and a score of other savage punishments, and it has abolished the Press-gang, and Colonial Slavery, and the Contagious Diseases Acts. With the help of God, it will yet abolish Vivisection."

These words are from the pen of that grand fighter against all cruelty, Frances Power Cobbe, who, nothing daunted, is still, at seventy, ringing her scorching words in the ears of her adversaries, her fame as a reformer reaching to all corners of the globe. (And here let me call the attention of my readers to the review of her autobiography in the November number of the *Review of Reviews*.)

I am wondering if there is not a few mothers and fathers in Indiana who would hesitate sending their young and tender boys and girls to our otherwise most admirable and grandly equipped Purdue, were they aware these dear ones were to be put through the hardening process of witnessing the cutting up alive of helpless, innocent cats and dogs, in fact, most of the smaller animals, for aught I know, those of every species, large and small.

The writer knows of a case where an otherwise (at least heretofore) sweet and loving girl, fond of her pets in the way of dogs and kittens, became so seared, so cold and cruel in her supposed pursuit of scientific information in this line of work and study as a student, at Purdue, that she determined to carry four sweet little kittens she had with her to the class of vivisection, which fact she stated proudly to a lady caller, who, thank God, left the house abruptly in horror at the depravity displayed.—EVELYN MCCORMICK, in Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune*.

WE extract the following passages from that fine pamphlet on vivisection recently issued by the Manchester

(Eng.) Friends A. V. Society. It was written by Mr. John William Graham, M. A., of Dalton Hall, Owens College. We are indebted to Miss Frances Power Cobbe for the gift of 300 copies.

"There lies round the operator's table—as bones round a lion's den, or as the ruins of a bombarded town—a widespread destruction of souls; the corrupted spirit of the tyrant operator, corrupted by his cowardly treachery, and the outraged spirits of the trustful sufferers. A deadened sensibility of soul is as real a lameness as an atrophied limb; the breaking up of the friendly, unspoken compact in which man lives with his dog is as real a catastrophe as a volcanic eruption; the harmonious order of nature is broken; a crime has been committed that detonates through the spiritual environment like a thunderclap.

'Dogs,' says a vivisector, 'are so much better to experiment upon than other animals—a few words and pats quiet them, and they trust you.' *Trust you!* What is that? It is the poor creature's appeal out of its extremity to that social compact he has lived under: he cannot think that you are—that men are—the incarnate devils they seem to be. This thing which goes on in the dog's mind is a violence to love and faith.

"Much turns on the relative weight we give to material and to spiritual considerations. For how much knowledge of arteries will we corrupt a human soul? How does the exchange stand between a good breathing tube and a kind heart? There is in man a terrible capacity for growing callous to others' pain." (p. 14).

OUR CATERERS.

Did it ever occur to you that doctors, ministers and lawyers live and thrive upon the sins, miseries and wretchedness of the human family? And the various caterers to our appetites and passions in endless ways that are deep and dark and mysterious, are not one step behind the above conservators of the public health, morals and good order of society.

We hire ministers to cure our sick souls and fit us for a happy future life. We pay physicians to cure our sick, miserable, aching bodies; and with all this assistance we are still so morally and socially wicked the lawyers come in for the lion's share of our hard-earned cash, that is supposed to save us from our enemies.

The caterers to our artificial wants in various avenues and channels are more numerous than all the rest of our paid servants, and upon them rests largely the censure for the ill health and shortened life of those whom they serve.—Dr. E. GOODELL SMITH, in Boston *Sunday Globe*.

ANTI-VIVISECTION.

DIZZY AND TIRED.

DURING the past month the air has been thick with expected cures by anti-toxine, and the explanatory science from the learned enough to make one's head swim and the balance of one's anatomy to earnestly desire rest. Occasionally, however, during the fusillade, some cautious old fogey of an M. D. has advanced an opinion calculated to cool the general cauldron of scientific ardor, and to remind thinking people of the almost forgotten Robert Koch and Prof. Brown-Sequard; also of the fact that by the time M. Pasteur is gathered to his fathers Buisson's cleanly method of steam baths for purging the system of impurities will have taken a long stride—a stride in proportion to the intelligence, culture and good sense of the human race. And, by the way, although supposedly intelligent people are lauding the new "discovery," we have not heard of its entrance into a single refined or cultured home, or of a single clean and wholesome body having been offered to the entrance of the foul concoction.

THE INOCULATION "CURE" FOR DIPHTHERIA.

The inoculation "cure" for diphtheria, of which I regret to see so many influential press men speaking in laudatory terms, appears to me to be nothing short of an abominable sin against cleanliness and proper living; and as it is impossible to consider the subject as one related to diphtheria alone, there being many other serious epidemics, including cholera, scarlet fever, and typhoid fever in human beings, anthrax and swine-fever in animals, all of which the inoculator anticipates mitigating or stamping-out by a similar process of so-called prophylaxis, the question occurs:

Has the order of things been so perversely constituted as that the health of men and beasts is to be sought, *not*, as we fondly believed, by pure and

sober living and cleanliness, but by the pollution of the very fountains of life with the confluent streams of a dozen or more filthy diseases?

This vaccinating and re-vaccinating, porcinating and re-porcinating, equinating and re-equinating, caninising and re-caninising, felinising and re-felinising, bovinating and re-bovinating—indeed, twenty times each of these "preventives" in our lives, or every year, perhaps—of our bodies and the food which nourishes millions of the world's population, is surely enough to justify that "ironic laughter of the gods" with which a German poet has said that human life is contemplated from a distance.—JOSEPH COLLINSON in *Vanity Fair*.

THE APPENDICITIS FAD.

Yesterday Chicago furnished another victim to the appendicitis mania which has driven the surgeons mad. Diagnosis of appendicitis was made, the operation was performed, the patient is dying. Total result: certainty that this patient was not suffering from appendicitis. There is no period in history when the surgeons and medical men have not been possessed by some fatal fad. They once believed so firmly in cupping as a panacea that they bled the anemic to death on the slightest provocation.

Now if a man complains of a stomach ache he is forthwith strapped to a table and carved for the coffin. If there be a seed in his vermiform appendix (an organ that never troubled anybody since Adam's time until it got into the newspapers) he has the satisfaction of knowing that he dies seedless. If there be no "seed" the surgeons have all the satisfaction. They are thenceforth troubled by no suspicions as to his vermiform integrity.

It is a brutal and senseless fad designed (many people are coming to believe) to enable the medical butchers to practice vivisection.—*Chicago Journal*.

If the vast sums desired by the bacteriologists to found culture stations were employed in "cleaning up," the cities and establishing free baths, their occupation would be gone—as they very well know.

FOR ANTI-VIVISECTION.

TO CLERGYMEN.

The columns of this journal are open to any clergyman who will explain to humane workers why ministers are so indifferent to the primary principle of Christianity—Kindness; to the abounding cruelty to animals or to the heart hardening influences of such wickedness.

And will he tell us, also, why the ministerial heart is so destitute of pity for the defenceless victims of unkind church members and outside heathens (who are no better) that it is impossible, as a rule, to induce clergymen to preach against the vice of cruelty; to rebuke the heartless selfishness that inspires it; to obey the command "show my people their sins," or even to teach the children of the Sabbath school the beauty of kindness, the nobility of compassion, the cowardly sinfulness of any injury or injustice to bird or beast and that *every cruel habit is a sin*?

To us ignorant heathen—who suppose that Christ really meant what he said, the attitude of the clergy to God's sinless creatures is amazing. Christ taught that Christianity is love. If so, kindness, which is love in operation, is righteousness. Surely, he who is never unkind never does wrong. Yet the clergy claim—tacitly—that in dealing with God's sinless creatures one may properly enough be mean, cruel and devilish, and the conduct of many church people proves that this is also their view of it. Is not all unkindness sinful—regardless of its victim? How can one be Christlike who is kind (only) to the protected but cruel to the defenceless?

Many kindness loving sinners are distressed by the universal cruelty to animals, birds, etc., and are horrified by the atrocities of biological fiends in "christian" colleges, and other vivisection hells—which wickedness seldom elicits from the pulpit either surprise or reproof. Just how selfish ends can justify shocking wickedness; just how "man's benefit" can justify cruelty; just how we can please God by violating the primary principle of christianity; just how merciless abuse of other crea-

tures can be acceptable to the Lord, who "is very pitiful and of tender mercy," *as it evidently is to the clergy*, are what we want explained.

The prophet asked, "What does the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" Will some pastor tell him?—and let us know: also, Was Christ right when he said—"As ye mete, so shall it be measured unto you?" Was St. James just in saying, "He shall be judged without mercy who hath shown no mercy?" We recall that the infidel Samaritan who showed kindness was approved, while the orthodox clergyman who passed by on the other side, was—not! Perhaps that rule holds good yet! Who knows?

Should Christ occupy your pulpit some Sunday what would he say to those of your hearers whose head gear is degraded by murdered birds whom Jesus loved, and whose loss the farmers deplore? What to those unfortunate horses standing at the church door tortured by tight checks, and robbed of their winter coats which a kind Creator had made extra heavy; and of their sole defence from summer insects, just for worldly and wicked "Style?" These "saints" are secure from any reproof from you—but would the Master silently endorse such wrongs? Would he not cause many ears to tingle with something about "mint and cummin, and neglect of justice and *mercy*?"

How can you expect us to "join the Church" and become less kind and merciful than we now are, while outside the church we enjoy kindness and love mercy?

Then please tell us how ministers can consistently evade those disagreeable scriptures which insist on kindness, justice and mercy as the correct rule of life and dutiful impulse of the heart; and how one can expect mercy from God while showing none to his distressed creatures; and how Christ's inflexible rule to do as we would be done by, can be nullified when we deal with *dumb* creatures; and why ministers rarely or never preach kindness to animals, or kindness as the principle feature of a Christly character. Please tell us.

HARRY BENSON.

Castle Perplexity, Dec.. 1894.

FOR ANTI-VIVISECTION.

A DOUBLE TRAINING.

A WORD TO THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

At this time thousands of students are entering our medical schools for training in their life's work.

Some of us—more advanced in years and realizing what should be the true result of education—long to say a word of advice to the youthful student. It is this: Don't forget that while you are training the intellect, a greater and more important training is progressing for good or evil—the training of the heart and moral nature—just those noble qualities that make us truly human.

The pressing need of the world today is not primarily for an advocate in scientific knowledge—there is an infinitely greater need of more integrity, more goodness, more kind-heartedness.

There is much danger that in the eager pursuit of intellectual knowledge this will be ignored, and the student, instead of advancing in the nobler qualities, may become cynical and hard-hearted, while increasing, it may be, in a narrow, scientific cleverness.

The ideal character for the good physician is that of a great-hearted, loving, thoroughly upright human being, uniting to wisdom and intellectual acquirement, warmest sympathy and pity for the helpless and suffering.

If there is anything in medical training that shocks and antagonizes human kindness and integrity, it should be avoided as one would avoid a deadly poison.

Let us remember always the words of the Concord sage, "Character is better than intellect;" while cultivating knowledge let us never forget that character is supreme.

The practice of vivisection, now so greatly in vogue in our medical colleges, is an utter denial of that great truth. It is a direct training in irresponsible cruelty. It would be well for the young student to consider this subject from the very outset, and from the first take a decided stand—as some have done before him—and determine that he will not encourage by his presence a practice so pitiless, so cynical, and so

hardening in its influences.

It is absurd to suppose that vivisection is a necessary part of a thorough medical and scientific training. Some of the most distinguished physicians have never witnessed a vivisection, and numerous others have testified that it is totally unnecessary, and tends to call off the attention from infinitely more important and legitimate parts of medical progress.

Of the moral effect of such practices there can be no question. The student who learns to abuse the power given to us over helpless creatures, to watch with cold indifference their unmeasurable torture, is parting, day by day, with his noblest human attributes, and can never become in a true sense the good physician or the generous, large-hearted human being.

At every step, too, he is incurring a solemn responsibility. It is the student who keeps the vivisector at his post by consenting to witness his cruel exhibitions; and it is the student of today who will make the future professor and practitioner.

The men of the present are rapidly passing over the stage and the younger generation will soon stand in their places.

May their moral nature, their sense of responsibility to the Lord of life, their generosity and kindness, so keep pace with their intellectual advancement, that the chair of the vivisector may be forever abolished as a disgrace to humanity. Then the deep-seated distrust of the medical profession will cease, and we may turn to the physician with confidence as to the trusted friend of humanity.

S. E. B.

Washington, D. C., Dec., 1894.

WE NEED MORE LITERATURE.

The call for literature exceeds our means of supplying it. We urge upon the friends to send such sums as they can spare for the furtherance of the work. Scores of persons are signing the Petition each month. We have now over 5,000 names. All these should be supplied so they can distribute among their friends. Any sum will be gratefully received, in postage stamps or otherwise.

ANTI-VIVISECTION.

VANGUARD DEPARTMENT.

THE OX.

I love thee, pious ox: a gentle feeling
 Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart;
 How solid, like a monument, thou art:
 O'er wide and fertile fields thy call goes stealing.
 Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling
 To man's quick work thou dost thy strength
 impart;
 He shouts and goads, and, answering thy smart,
 Thou turn'st on him thy patient look appealing.
 From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
 Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air
 swells
 Thy happy hymn—thy lowings' mellow strain;
 In the grave sweetness of thy twinkling eyes
 Of emerald, broad and still reflecting, dwells,
 All the divine, green silence of the plain.

NEW VANGUARD MEMBERS.

Miss Annie Brewster of Montrose, Pa., is a bright addition to our ranks, earnest, intelligent, affectionate, a thorough lover of animals and possessing an earnest desire and determination to befriending them. Her initiatory work is a nice list of signatures to the Petition.

Miss Lena Belle Tyler, also of Montrose, Pa., appends her name, beautifully inscribed, to the Vanguard Pledge, and judging from the report of one who knows her well she will prove a brave addition to this section of anti-vivisection work.

CRIMINALS OF THE FUTURE.

Kennett Square, Pa., Dec. 2.—Half a dozen boys amused themselves for an hour to-day, violently chasing a dog owned by Ellis Hughes. The animal was first routed out of a warm bed in a sunny nook and driven into the road. Then the howling urchins started in pursuit of the yelping canine. It leaped fences and found itself finally in a strange back yard. Three minutes later two of the boys found the panting cur and shied a handful of stones at it.

With a weary and wistful look the dog trotted away, crept out of the yard, and was met by the other four boys with shinny clubs. A blow on one hind leg made him limp, but he rushed down an alley and around a stable. He sought refuge in a stall, but was jabbed with a pitchfork in the hands of a hostler, who thought the hot and breathless dog was mad. The fugitive yelped with pain and fled out the door.

He was driven then through alleys, streets and by-paths, hit with clubs and stones, and at the end of an hour the tired brute sought his home. Life was very miserable to him. Then he deliberately poked his head between two fence pickets 18 inches from the ground and hanged himself. There the boys ten minutes later found the dog's limp and lifeless body. He had committed suicide to escape their cruelty.—Exchange.

Most of the "mad dogs" are created in this manner. When the "final adjustment" day arrives and the wolf's clothing is pulled off, many people will wish they were as high as dogs in the scale of existence. How many "re-incarnations" will be required to lift them to his level!

ONE VIVISECTOR, ONE TIGER.

A FRIEND in London kindly sends us a copy of *The Star* in which appears the following, which the initiated will relish:

At a recent drawing-room meeting, at which a discussion on vivisection took place, Dr. Berdoo said he had somewhat modified his views on the question of total prohibition. He would not entirely deprive the experimental physiologists of their means of research but would consent to the allowance of one tiger to each vivisector, the research to take place in a properly constructed cage. The idea of the lively vivisector hopping round the cage with his injecting syringe trying to get a fair shot at the terrible cat seemed to tickle the audience immensely.

MY HORSE.

BY MRS. EVA YORK IN *Our Dumb Animals*.

So many years have flown
 Since thou and I, alone,
 O'er prairies wild, with shining dewdrops wet,
 Outsped the rushing wind,
 And yet I've failed to find
 In all the years one fleet as thou, my Pet.

'Twas scarcely worth the pain -
 The loss outweigh'd the gain -
 To own thee for a year,
 To give thee smile and tear
 And all the care that fond possession brings;
 Then all thy virtues tell,
 And turn and say, "Farewell."
 And watch thee throw the dust in golden rings.

We lov'd each other so!
 And swifter thou did'st go.
 Did I but whisper to thy list'ning ear,
 And thou did'st pass them all,
 Thro' prairie grasses tall,
 And with a graceful leap the brook did'st clear

Where art thou now, my Pet?
 Art thou as lovely yet
 As when I held thy bridle and thy curb?
 Or art thou lying low
 Where trees their shadows throw,
 Where passing hoofs no more thy rest disturb?

We lov'd each other so!
 O Pet! the long years go
 All lame and languid since I sold thee, dear,
 For what is gold to me
 When brought as price of thee?
 I'd give it ten times o'er to have thee near.

And now I live once more
 The hour when, o'er and o'er,
 I said to thee, "This ride will be our last."
 I smell the flowers sweet,
 I hear thy flying feet,
 And count the figur'd mile stones that we've
 pass'd.

Alas! alas! 'tis done,
 No more the rising sun
 Shall greet us daily, only you and me;
 No more! no more! and yet
 Where'er I am, my Pet,
 Each sunrise brings a tender thought of thee.

THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

AS LADY FLORENCE DIXIE NOW SEES IT.

"Sport is horrible. I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most 'sporting folk,' and few women and not many men have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during travels and expeditions in far away lands. It is not,

therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a 'female Nimrod,' have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals."

"Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he has stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of, alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of deer and its different kind glaze and grow dim as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown: I have ended with the sharp yet merciful knife the dying sufferings of poor beasts who have never harmed me, yet whom I laid low under the veil of sport.

"I have seen the terror-stricken orb, of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and that same look have I seen in the glorious orb'd guanaco of Patagonia, the timid gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this: The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I wish I had never done those deeds of skill and cruelty."—*Westminster Review*.

WE can use postage stamps of all denominations up to 10c. and in sums of one dollar. Money in larger amounts can be sent by P. O. Order, bank checks, or by registry. The more money the more circulation of literature. ANTI-VIVISECTION has its own printing outfit and prints the literature of the society at much less cost than it has ever been done elsewhere. Please help those who are trying to help the helpless.

THE POOR SEAL.

At our request Mr. Wm. Gavitt, who has lived in Alaska, and has been an eye-witness of the cruelties of the seal fisheries on St. George Island, has sent us a description of what he saw in the years 1887 and 1888. So far as we know, no reform has ever been instituted, therefore the presumption is that these cruelties continue. Mr. Gavitt describes St. George Island as an ulcer on the face of civilization, because of the debauchery and drunkenness of the government employes.

His account of the seal fisheries says that the animals are captured by rushing between those breeding and the bachelors; then the latter are driven over rough roads to the killing grounds, which may be as far off as five miles, over and between rocks of all kinds and shapes. The heavy coated animals soon become over-heated, and often foam at the mouth and die on the way, snapping like mad dogs. When they reach the killing grounds they are driven into a long column of three to five abreast, and pass between men who have heavy clubs with which they crush the skulls of those who are wanted. Those not wanted are permitted to find their way back to sea. In clubbing, it frequently occurs that a seal not wanted is injured. If it is able to get away, well and good; if killed, the skin would not be accepted by the company.

After clubbing, the men load them on drays, and after stabbing them in the breast, skin them. Mr. Gavitt describes the scene, the flying of the eyes from the struck seal, the crush of the skull, the flow of blood, the sobs of the dying and the brutality of the heartless and careless men, as awful. To his protests the answer always was that there was no other way, but his idea is that an electric sword could be used, or electricity conveyed in some way. Dr. Gavitt, who now lives in Evansville, Indiana, says that this and the treatment of the natives that he saw in Alaska make his trip there seem like a horrible nightmare, and that it is all a disgrace to the American flag.

How any humane woman can want to wear a sealskin after hearing how it is

obtained is difficult to understand. We have heard of cases where the seal butchers were even brutal enough to skin the seals before they were dead. This last was told by one who also claimed to be an eye-witness—*Journal of Zoophily*.

WHICH IS "HEATHEN" LAND.

In the so-called "heathen" East birds are considered as sacred. They are represented as being the escaped thoughts of man during his more innocent primeval existence. A person who puts to death one of these little creatures is treated as a felon.

In the fair month of April, year of our gentle Lord, 1894, in our Western land, over one hundred pigeons, our gentle home birds, were used as targets by men claiming to be "sportsmen." So tame were the helpless feathered things that they refused to fly above the traps for the purpose of being shot at, whereupon a number of boys were called upon to throw stones at the birds and otherwise urge them into the air for the use of the heartless "sportsmen."

Most of the pigeons were simply brutally mutilated, and fluttered down upon the roof or wherever their remaining strength permitted them to alight. Here the pitiable, suffering bits of God's creation were left, without food or water, to die in slow torture.—MARIE LE BARON.

THE CHECK REIN.

I read the other day that "the peculiar arrangement of the vertebrae of the horse, which is intended for the support of the leverage of the heavy head, when the poor horse is checked tightly (or indeed at all), presses two bones upon each other in such a way as to be constant torture—beside the pain of the unnatural position, and depriving them of at least a third of their drawing power."

A. E. MCL.

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